

**That Which I Have**

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## That Which I Have

Why is it that the most important days of people's lives start with a cold morning? That winter morning was like that, one where the light was clearer to my eyes than to the heat of my hands. That amphitheater kept inside the smell of wood furring in its seats and its walls, and it also retained the older smell. The garnet dye of the thick and dark carpet augmented the shelter that would force the smell of the wood. The amphitheater had the traditional arrangement used for medical teaching. The cavea with a nearly vertical slope, allowed for close observation of the body where human dissections were performed in the manner of that achieved in a hiding place by Nicolaas Tulp.

It gave me a strange feeling to think that this morning, somehow, the living corpse dissected would be me, and that my name, only represented by a few acronyms, would be lost in the anonymity of Adriaan Adraanszoon, the dormant criminal in the painting of Mauritshuis. At least it was comforting to believe that was perhaps an attempt to return to the ill's bedside, a reminiscent of . The highest ranking physician in the hospital would present my case, a diagnostic enigma that had failed to be solved. He wasn't liked by me and wasn't likeable amongst others. His stern face was born out of a cruel look and tight lips. Every day he wore a black suit, maybe he thought his skin was not worthy of another color.

Soon I learned he was a man trapped in his past who often emphasized how difficult it had been throughout his life to become noted. It is about H, a professional pianist, began his lecture. To my memory immediately came the memory of Z, also a pianist and luck ill, "diseases give as much as they take away" its creator wrote. Then he referred to the sufferings of my family and those which I myself had experienced in the past. He described in detail, which to him were my deadly habits: the cigarette smoking habit when I read Cortazar and the robust flavor of a Carménère which I enjoyed more, thinking his existence was due to an act of true resurrection. My simple and transparent words were translated into other synthesis whose power was to be admired, but also, sorry.

Apparently since my trip to Florence, I was a man in a kind of psychosis full of euphoria, ecstasy and childish but indescribable happiness, a man whose exalted power carried him to the obsession and his behaviors. One of these hobbies was to direct all my attention and thoughts into a single image and reconstruct repeatedly that tune in my head that fed me, from my memory. But at the same time it was someone dragged by insomnia, aroused, thinned by hyperoxia, a day suffering from illusions and hypnologic hallucinations, with a tendency to sacrifice and despair, a dependent and anxious character confronting adversity and separation. Less understandable for me and the others were the irradiated images from my brain that could delineate functional magnetic resonance imaging every time I remember that presence again, with subtlety, invaded my dreams.

What did it mean to me that my right globus pallidus, a primitive part of my brain, would be activated or that they would perform the ventral striatum and cerebellum?, it meant nothing. What did it matter if the same thing actually happened in my posterior brain stem, the occipital lobe and the posterior temporo-parietal region? If the opposite occurred in the anterior brainstem, the thalamus, other regions of the striatum, the temporal lobe, the isle, the prefrontal region and the anterior cingulate, to me were only a series of confusing Latinisms, an indecipherable gibberish. What the patient needs is not a diagnosis but whether if he will suffer or not. Several hypotheses were made, many of which included some eponym. Of all these, the most interesting was that of Stendhal.

With the straight nervousness and arrogance of the man dressed in black contrasted the confident attitude and clear look of a teacher whom all treated with reverence. When he first visited me, he shook my hand and explained that the enigma of my case was very interesting for the young people who accompanied him, but not for him who knew well my illness. His blue eyes and gray hair stood out even more with his dress, elegant English tweed coat and bow tie that contrasted with the brown vest. Once he walked away, those who had brought him to me, mentioned that he had never dressed in a gown in front of his patients and he also never used the metal examination table as he considered both equally cold. I also knew he was an excellent storyteller and he often repeated, outlining everything with a smile, that written by Chekhov: "Literature is my mistress and medicine is my wife."

All the chemical analysis submitted were made with clear fluid emanating from my back like water from a rock; a rise in glutamate, oxytocin, dopamine, vasopressin, norepinephrine, the nerve growth factor and a reduction in serotonin. I noticed that the figures baffled everyone there even more; I wonder if for them the significance was as unfamiliar as for me. Since none of the opinions were entirely consistent with what I felt or with what dictated my brain in those colorful images, the Dean approached me and asked to pass to the center of the amphitheater. I did it with a slow pace, as you walk toward the scaffold, armed only with a dusty tome that he had given me a couple of days ago which contained the solution to the mystery.

She has the eyes of Jean Hébuterne, those who painted Amedeo Modigliani. When I have your soul, I will paint your eyes. Those that remained open to meet him, as he slid rapidly from the fifth floor of the Rue Amyot, bringing new light on the inside, is the complicity of the Venus of Urbino and red hair that which Botticelli gave birth from the sea; is able to touch my forehead with his lips on this innocent girl by Vermeer dressed with pearl earrings, comes with the sweet look that gave Carot the beautiful shepherdess hands clasped and encircled by a Ferronnière, and goes with the same sadness in the face that the Lady of Shalott reflected when navigating the river with three unlit candles.

But she does not exist, interrupted the man dressed in black. She is just a hallucination.

Like Molly she is all women. Swann may have Odette's body but not her soul. I actually possess her soul but not her body. She appears only in my dreams, but I know one day will be presented before me, tangible, corporeal beautifully.

The book I have under my arm, and not the MRI, contains my diagnosis. I do not care about the red flame people look at when they read the tales of *The Thousand Nights and a Night*, the *Charterhouse of Parma* and Aurelio de Nerval, neither that of Simaetha stories and Delphis, Krishna and Radha, Priapus and Astarte, those of Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Faust and Marguerite, Eros and Psyche or Calixto and Melibea. I'm not interested in "the desire which arises from the perception of others through the senses and its transfiguration through the imagination." "The desire [only] is a thirst for otherness" which is nothing more than acceptance born of the need to be with the other, seeking the total disappearance of the distance, you are never closer to the person than when you gain into them.

Instead, what I have is more powerful than the desire. No one seeks to abandon life being rejected for lying together but when it is refused to share the blue flame that haunts me. What I have is what has made Penelope's waiting possible for Odysseus, which kept the patience of Abelard and Heloise, is the decision of Tristan and Isolde to take this potion. What I have is that a fall is more than just acceptance, is permanent, which I have is something that I've chosen in advance to have.

For the audience it was surprising to learn that the solution to arcane was in the dusty tome. The Dean stood up and said quietly and eloquently: You can only diagnose what is known. At that time the man in black sat down and took his right hand to this forehead hard aground between his fingers, his face reflected sadness for the first time, he knew then that there was something he did not know he knew, he did not know that, that which I have.